

Misty Mountains Cold

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Summary: After the fall of Reach two Spartans stand staring out of the glass, thinking of an old song they learned, and now realizing the meaning it held.

Misty Mountains Cold

I heard the song from _The Hobbit _and for some reason thought of Halo Reach, so I made this for no real reason whatsoever. I guess I was just bored. I didn't put it up as a crossover though because the only thing that 'crosses over' is the song. This includes my OC Ethan and of course Nafalis. Anyway, hope you enjoy!

* * *

><p>Ethan stood looking out into the darkness of space from the window on the ship, his helmet being held on his right arm. The scar on his left eye stung slightly, but not enough to bother him. He let out a sigh. He lost his entire team, they were all gone now and could never come back. Of course he wasn't the only one that had lost his team, many others were lost on this day, the dark of fire and ice. He closed his eyes, not hearing Nafalis, his commander, walking in behind him. He opened his eyes and glanced over as she stood next to him, joining him in his action that was staring. She started to hum a small tune, one that Ethan picked up on, then they both sung together:<p>

_Far over the misty mountains cold,
>To dungeons deep and caverns old.

_The pines were roaring on the height,
>The winds were morning in the night.

_The fire was red,
>In flame it spread.

The trees like torches blazed with life.

The two Spartans glanced at each other. That was a very old song, one that they had heard from their Staff Sergeant. He had told them never to forget this song, that somehow it meant something. They never believed him, but they never forgot the song either. But on today of all days they know felt the power of that song, what it really meant. It didn't mean setting fire to land, or destroying land. It was about losing your home, about have it all burned to the ground and never being able to see it again. Watching as the tress of your planet burned to a crisp, the towns and cities were destroyed by flames, and to no be able to do anything about it. The two sighed and stared back out the window.

"The fire was red," Nafalis muttered, getting Ethan to look back over at her. "And flames are no longer as beautiful as I once believed them to be." Ethan slowly nodded and turned back to space, sighing. She was right, as she always had been.

* * *

><p>And thus, my mind is put at ease.

**Thanks for reading, please review, and have a bow chicka bow wow day!

>Perla: And may it be the best one ever, of all time!
**

End
file.